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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1903. NUMBER 9

CONGRESS OF RELIGION

A special Congress will be held at Rockford, Illinois, November 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. Dr. H. W. Thomas, President of the Congress of Religion, giving the opening address. The program is being arranged and the call will be issued by a committee of resident clergymen. Pending the completed program, the following preliminary announcement is made for the evenings:

Tuesday evening, November 17th, at the First Congregational Church:

"THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM." By Prof. Shaler Matthews, of the University of Chicago.

"THE RELIGIOUS MESSAGE OF ISRAEL TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY." Rev. Joseph Stolz, Rabbi of Isaiah Temple, Chicago.

Wednesday evening, November 18th, in the Second Congregational Church:

"THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN THEOLOGY." Rev. W. B. Thorp, Pastor of South Congregational Church, Chicago.

"DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION." Rev. F. E. Dewhurst. University Congregational Church.

Thursday evening, November 19th, in the Church of the Christian Union:

"THE NEW SPIRIT OF EDUCATION AND ITS RELATION TO RELIGION." Rev. David Beaton, Pastor of Lincoln Park Congregational Church, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary of the Congress of Religion.

Friday evening, November 20th:

"THE SOCIOLOGICAL OUTLOOK." Speakers and place to be announced.

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1903. NUMBER 9

Governor Yates has been accusing Dr. Hirsch of Chicago of "injecting poison into the body politic" because he has been telling some plain truths about the political corruption made manifest in the public institutions of Illinois, and basing thereon an eloquent appeal for civil service in state institutions. But the poison has been introduced into the *body politician,* not into the body politic. If this anti-toxine of Dr. Hirsch prove efficient in killing off some of these political microbes, the body politic will recover from a sickness that otherwise will prove fatal.

The people of the United States are now annually wearing $25,000,000 worth of imported goat skins, for the procuring of which India, China, France and Mexico must be canvassed. Goats live on brush, thistles, weeds, which other animals reject, tin cans, etc. All of these goat viands seem to be found in great abundance in the United States. What are our farmers thinking about? Goat milk and goat flesh are also articles of food, and as long as people will live on milk and flesh and will wear leather shoes, why should not the felicity of goat life be carried to its maximum in the United States? Let the goat live high while he lives and then come to the end, as all living things must come, with a minimum of suffering, by quick transition, a quick death by euthanasia.

Seventeen or more professors of the University of Chicago are launching out on a most interesting experiment which might be called "co-operative home-making." The plan is a simple one,—that of grouping their new homes in such a way as to give them a common quadrangle for breathing and playing spaces, common heating, lighting and power plants, and a common back yard unbroken by fences. There is of course the usual apprehension lest some individuality or private rights, or the sanctity of the family, etc., etc., be invaded, to which the obvious answer is at hand,—that all these rights are ruthlessly threatened in the present hit and miss, jammed together, competitive crowding to which these same professors have had to submit if they have lived in the rentable houses or flats that are available. It is one more indication of how the frictions of life can be ameliorated and many of them annihilated by a little sensible co-operation and mutual adjustment. Sociologically the experiment is a most prophetic one. After the dons have found out how to do it along the avenues adjoining the campus, the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker will try the same plan, with the necessary adjustment, on the side streets with their pest-laden alleys. We congratulate our neighbors over their brightening domestic prospects and compliment them on the practical sagacity manifested here.

A recent number of *Harper's Weekly,* in an article entitled "An Interesting Phase of the Negro Question," gives the experience of a northern student of affairs in the South. In some townships he found regulations which prohibited the entrance of a negro, and in some states laws against the inciting of negro emigration. This man being driven by a negro driver unconsciously found himself across the "dead line" and was stopped by a farmer with, "This town is white; we don't allow niggers in here at all. No offense to you, but if that nigger goes on he will be shot." The negro driver is reported as a prudent man, and he declined to proceed. We would rather be that hunted negro than the negro-hunting farmer. Apropos of the negro problem, the *Outlook* for October 17 has a powerful article by Professor Du Bois on "The Training of Negroes for Social Power," which dispels in a manly fashion that unfortunate assumption that there is an antagonism between the negro college and the industrial school. He argues that without the negro college the negro industrial school movement will lag. He says:

> "We need a few strong, well equipped negro colleges, and we need them now, not tomorrow. Unless we can have them and have them decently supported, negro education in the South, both common school and industrial, is doomed to failure and the forces of social regeneration will be fatally weakened, for the college today among negroes is, as truly as it was yesterday among the whites, the beginning and not the end of human training, the foundation and not the capstone of popular education."

Many of our readers will also rejoice to know that Professor Du Bois is to lecture at All Souls Church, Chicago, early in December. We believe this is his first appearance on the platform in Chicago, or perhaps in the Northwest. Perhaps he could fill a few other engagements in other cities. Applications sent to the Unity Publishing Company will be referred to the All Souls committee.

Rev. John W. Roberts, recently of Ayer, Mass., now of Tacoma, Wash., under date of September 1 addressed a letter to the President and Directors of the American Unitarian Association setting forth the reasons "Why I left the Unitarian denomination." The letter appears in full in *Universal Religion* for October, published in Tacoma. The substance of the reason given was that he did not agree with the declaration of the National Unitarian Conference in 1894, that "practical religion is summed up in love to God and to man," and the further implication that this was the religion of Jesus. Many free minds who stayed inside the Unitarian denomination will not give to these words the authoritative or binding interpretation which Mr. Roberts concedes, but whoever differs from him must recognize the value of a sensitive conscience

and admire the manly integrity that shines through the following words:

"Without doubt love is a part of religion, and as a part I heartily accept it, but it surely cannot be the 'sum,' the alpha and the omega of religion. No summing up of the content of practical religion can be even approximately adequate unless it states not only the duty of love to God and man, but also the need of a true intelligence or wisdom to guide that love, and also a worthy end which the love shall have as its goal.

"In justice to Jesus, however, it ought to be said in this connection that there are grave doubts as to whether Jesus ever meant to sum up religion in love to God and to man. Even on the supposition that the gospels are the authentic sources of his biography it would be difficult to reach such an unqualified conclusion. But when we reflect that the authenticity of the gospels is under a cloud of honest doubt and that we probably can never know the exact facts about his life, the injustice of quoting Jesus as an authority on so grave a matter becomes still more apparent.

"And now to return to the practical question whether I ought to represent myself as holding that religion is summed up in love to God and to man, I do not see how I can honestly do so. I do not believe that love to God and love to man sums up religion, and I doubt if Jesus believed it. So how can I say before the whole world that I accept what I do not believe and what I doubt if Jesus believed? I ought not to misrepresent my own belief, nor ought I to conceal it; and I must not misrepresent the belief of another. The same reason, then, which forced our forefathers to discard so many of the older creeds forces me to discard this creed.

"Finally, that my meaning may not be misunderstood, let me say that my attitude involves certain definite practical consequences of a very serious nature. Although I believe I am still true to the profounder Unitarianism of the fathers, the organic law of the Unitarian denomination as now expressed in the constitution of the National Conference deprives me of the right to the Unitarian name. For that law states explicitly that all Unitarian churches hold with Jesus that religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. So long, then, as the word Unitarian continues to stand for this belief, my name must be excluded from the list of Unitarian ministers. Furthermore, the same law deprives me of the right to be a candidate for any Unitarian pulpit. As every such pulpit is now pledged to uphold the constitution of the conference, it would not and it should not extend a call to any minister who does not believe the fundamental law of that constitution. And no minister could honorably accept a call to any Unitarian pulpit who did not 'accept the religion of Jesus, holding in accordance with his teachings that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.'

* * *

"The Unitarians have been conspicuous in condemning this species of dishonesty in other denominations, and it is not likely that they would thus deliberately encourage misrepresentation of religious beliefs. So in surrendering the privilege of having my name included in the list of Unitarian ministers I feel that I am carrying out the real purpose of the constitution of the National Conference and thereby averting the guilt of intellectual dishonesty. I feel also that disloyalty to what one sincerely believes in his own heart is more to be feared than poverty, and that our secret beliefs are given to us to be proclaimed and not to be concealed and cherished in private. Consoled by such thoughts as these I accept the consequences of my faith, trusting that the God who gave me the heart to feel this faith will provide some way to keep it beating a little while longer. Into his hands I commit my future. Very cordially yours."

On the Margin of the Book Harvest.

When one realizes the outlay of time, material, physical labor and spiritual anxiety involved even in a small bit of printing, it is pathetic to note the little books that never expect to take a place in the pile which contains the permanent works, the odds and ends on the editorial book table. A dozen or more such lie before us.

"Evenings in Little Russia," by Nikolai Gogol, is such a venture in translation. Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline are the translators, and the name of William S. Lord of Evanston, Ill., appears as publisher. Three short stories from this Russian master are tempting enough and worthy enough to bring into greater notice the translators. Mrs. Underwood is a graduate of the Chicago University, a cousin of Madame Nordica, a resident of Kansas City, and in her college days displayed special linguistic genius. Mr. Cline is a young newspaper man of Kansas City, and Mr. Lord is a young man whose success in the dry goods trade at Evanston is only a temporary stepping stone to the higher success as poet-publisher, to which his many friends look forward. The literature of Russia today presents one of the most striking paradoxes in modern civilization. Russia, the home of tyranny, where the tragic cruelties to Jew and to Armenian shock the sensibilities and insult the civilization of the twentieth century, is also the home of Tolstoy, Tourgenieff and their associates, who are the great romancers of democracy, prophets of freedom and humanity. Hence it is that from many standpoints "Evenings in Little Russia" is a tempting little book, a charming introduction to a wide field of literature.

"Emerson," a lecture by Augustine Birrell; "The Forgiveness of Sin and the Law of Reconciliation," by W. J. Jupp; "Chart and Voyage," an examination of the alleged reasons for theological reserve and the dangers incurred by it, by Thomas J. Hardy, B. A., are the titles of three little shilling books that come to us from over the water, from the press of Philip Green, London. We judge that the English public are more appreciative of little books in cloth than are our American readers. So much the greater pity for America, for these little books, so handy for the pocket, ought to serve the hurried American, so much of whose reading is done on the cars. Notwithstanding the flood of Emerson literature that has enriched this season, it is quite delightful to have the estimate of Emerson from over the sea and from so virile and sententious a writer as Augustine Birrell. This lecture is worthy a place in his "Obiter Dicta." Mr. Birrell notes the sudden transition in New England thought from Calvinism to Unitarianism. He asks, "How did Boston come to lose its faith in the corruption of man's heart, to substitute Channing for Edwards?" He says, "To see Emerson gracefully climbing the pulpit of Cotton Mather was a rapidly effected change only possible perhaps in a new country." Mr. Birrell takes the point of view which yields the most adequate estimate of Emerson. He tells us that "He soon ceased to the 'Rev.' Ralph Waldo Emerson, but he was ever a preacher, and remained a sabbatical man to the end of the chapter." Mr. Jupp's essay on "Forgiveness" was first delivered last April before the Triennial Unitarian Conference in Liverpool. It is a study of the inner life from the standpoint of a man who has passed through dogma to reason in religion. Mr. Hardy's "Chart and Voyage" is a little book not destined to reach to any great extent the great multitude of preachers who most need it, those whose utterances are guarded lest they reveal their thought, who, to borrow a phrase from Theodore Parker, "split the full gleams of the study into half gleams for the pulpit," on the score, as Mr. Hardy puts it, of "avoiding pain, of the incompleteness of their own thought, of the increased usefulness." Then there is considered here the "layman's plea," the "Machiavellian plea." He pleads for "outspokenness in theology" on the ground of social service. It is a

timely word to unnumbered ministers who are wondering why the ministry has lost or is losing its old-time leadership, all the time unconscious of the fact that people are learning that the ministers are taking the most solemn declarations and time-honored affirmations in a Pickwickian sense only.

A little study of "The Objective and Subjective Mind," by Abby Jane Taylor, from the Justitia Publishing Company of Chicago, is a thirty-five cent book in cloth, symptomatic of the times which so affect psychology and subjectivity, but are so devoted to material things and given to objectivity. This little book will please many readers because it attempts to give simple explanations to profound mysteries.

"The Way Preachers Pray," with notes by one of them, from the press of William G. Smith Company, Minneapolis, Minn., is really a serious attempt to discuss public prayer, extemporary liturgy. It is honest and candid, a profitable book for a minister to read, because it may reveal him to himself as others see him.

"The Meaning of the Gift" is a handsome publication of the address of Col. Ralph Plumb at the dedication of the Carnegie Library Hall at Streator, Illinois. It gives an appreciative outline of the successful Scotchman who has been able to do so much towards sowing the continent with libraries and whose purpose in this sowing is, as we think, in danger of being underestimated if not misinterpreted. We prefer to believe that these libraries represent an honest attempt of the man to live up to his own saying,—that a man ought to be ashamed to die rich. Colonel Plumb's word is a fitting one for the occasion.

"The Best American Orations of Today," compiled by Harriet Blackstone, from Hines & Noble, publishers, New York, is the modern successor of the old time "Speaker" upon which some of us elders were raised. It will interest the gray-beards because of the new names introduced. The alphabetical list of authors begins with Lyman Abbott and ends with Woodrow Wilson, with a lot of younger men tucked in between. This is one woman's judgment. As such it is interesting, but every reader will need to make his own list and then he will not be satisfied with it.

"Solar Electric Distribution and Sun Habitation," by Alexander Young, of Laporte, Ind. This is a shabby little book which doubtless represents much labor on the part of this rustic astronomer, who has perfected some kind of an instrument which he calls the solarscope, by the help of which he is able to discuss with confidence and with new theories such subjects as "The Origin of Thunder Storms," "The Composition of the Sun," "The Philosophy of Color," "The Probable Source of the Human Mind," and "Electrography Between the Worlds."

From the Golden Gate comes the California address of President Roosevelt, published by the San Francisco (Cal.) Promotion Committee. It certainly is a shrewd piece of advertising, for the strenuous President was generous with his compliments, and well he might be, for he is appreciative of dash, of courage, of pioneering. The Paul Elder Company of San Francisco seem to have accepted as their sober business the manufacture of laughter. Their appeal to the risibles is continuous. We had hardly got through turning the pages of a whole book given to "Widows, Grave and Otherwise," a book of quotations compiled and illustrated by Cora D. and F. A. Wilmarth, when there came to us an "Up to Date Limerick Book," composed and collected by Ethel Watts Mumford, who was aided in the decorations by Addison Mizner. Here is a Limerick for every week in the year with some more striking red and black illustration and decorations, with one of which we close these notes of the pick-ups and drop-downs of our study table:

"Said a Rooster, 'I'd have you all know
I am nearly the whole of the show;
Why, the Sun every morn
Gets up with the dawn
For the purpose of hearing me crow!' "

A Statuette 6,500 Years Old.

In his article on the "Ten Temples of Abydos," in *Harper's Magazine* for November, Prof. Flinders Petrie tells of his discovery of a statuette of ivory more than 6,500 years old, and how he managed to preserve it.

"Groping in the thick brown organic mud of this rubbish-hole," says Prof. Petrie, "I lifted out one by one the priceless examples of glazed work and ivory of this earliest age of great art—an art of which we had never understood the excellence from the traces hitherto known. The ivory was sadly rotted, and could scarcely be lifted without dropping asunder in flakes. So when I found that I had touched a piece it was left alone and other parts cleared, until at last a patch of ground was left where several pieces of ivory had been observed. Cutting deep around this I detached the whole block of sixty or eighty pounds of earth, and had it removed on a tray to my storeroom. There it dried gradually for two or three weeks; and then with a camel's-hair paint brush I began to gently dessect it and to trace the ivory figures. Not a single piece was broken or spoiled by thus working it out, and noble figures of lions, a bear, a large ape, and several boys came gradually to light. Suddenly a patterned robe and then a marvelous face appeared in the dust, and there came forth from his six-thousand-year sleep one of the finest portrait figures that have ever been seen. A single photograph can give but little idea of the subtlety of the face and the expression, which changes with every fresh light in which it is seen. Wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, and clad in his thick embroidered robe, this old king, wily yet feeble with the weight of years, stands for the diplomacy and statecraft of the oldest civilized kingdom that we know. No later artist of Egypt, no Roman portrait-maker, no Renaissance Italian, has outdone the truth and expression of this oldest royal portrait, coming from the first dynasty of Egypt."

Love comes!
Clear the way, ye institutions, ye laws and customs of ages of hate!
The glance of his eye would wither you.
The quiet thrill of his voice would palsy your deepest foundations.
Ye do well to tremble at his name;
For he is the Revolution—at last the true, long-deferred Revolution.
Love is the true Revolution, for Love alone strikes at the very root of ill.

—*Ernest Crosby.*

THE PULPIT.

Sunday and Its Uses.

A Sermon to Men, Delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls Church, Oct. 18, 1903.

For I seek not yours, but you. II Cor. xii. 14.

In a recent careful analysis of the membership of a city church, it was found that 48 per cent. of the men whose names were on its mailing list were only occasional attendants at the Sunday services; 22 per cent. were marked irregular attendants, and only 30 per cent. were considered regular; while only 44 per cent. of the men who were fathers or guardians of children of Sunday-school age were represented by their children in the Sunday-school.

These figures may fairly be taken to represent the Sunday habits of the representative men in the more favored districts of an American city. They indicate a practical lapse of interest in the institutions, customs, habits and privileges that have gathered around the Sunday.

My purpose is not controversial, not even evangelistic. I do not mean to arraign or even try to persuade. I shall in the main only propound questions without attempting to answer them. I shall try to discover the real situation, believing that the men may thus be enabled to answer for themselves their own questions, if not mine; to find for themselves the sermon most adapted to their needs, which I will not presume to give.

For argument's sake I will admit the grim character of what is sometimes called the "Puritan" Sabbath; I will admit for argument's sake that the old theological foundations of the Sabbath have been swept away by science; that men now do not believe that the world was made in six days, and that the Lord of creation rested on the seventh day, but that his work is continuous, unremitting, unhalting, and unresting. I will accept, if you like, the maxims so current and so trite among men, that "All days are sacred," "The better the day, the better the deed," and that "What is good and right on Wednesday or Thursday cannot be bad on Sunday," and so on, and so on. I further gladly concede the more fundamental contention, that Sunday and its interests are not identical with religion and its sanctities; that church-going is not morality, and that church-going habits do not prove either a moral life or Christian practices. Nay, more, I gladly admit that much hypocrisy and cant wear a Sunday mask; that the sanctities of life are oftentimes desecrated and insulted by the sanctimoniousness of the church.

But, admitting a terrestrial and not a celestial origin to the seven-day division of time and the seven-day rest period, admitting that the Sabbatical week probably had its origin in the far-off astronomy that recognized the seven planets, dedicating a day to each of them, as their names would indicate, emphasizing with special sanctity the day dedicated to the glorious sun, there yet remain many searching questions, some of which I venture to propound.

Whatever its origin may have been, whatever its abuses may have been, is it not true that much that is best and most permanent in civilization is organized around the Sunday and its institutions? Has not the industrial world discovered the economic value of the seventh day rest? Tested by the severest laws of material endurance, is not the seventh-day recoil, the rhythmic interval of change, justified by experience and its imperative quality in civilization proved by history? While religion does not consist in church attendance, Sunday observance, singing hymns, saying prayers, or listening to sermons, is it not true that religion has been, at least in the past, immeasurably served by these, and that every thinking man unblinded by the dogmatism of faith or the dogmatism of doubt, is compelled to recognize his indebtedness to this inheritance? I ask these questions; I do not answer them. Furthermore, I ask the man who rejoices in his freedom, who represents the 70 per cent. of occasional or irregular church attendants, if he is prepared to live in a churchless community; to secure if he could by his own suffrage the wide open town and Sabbathless week? Would he be glad to know that his wife, mother or sister represented a feminine 70 per cent. who regard Sunday and its peculiar observances, the church and the Sunday-school, as the non-essential conveniences, the occasional attractions, the light superfluities of a respectable life to which may well be devoted a surplus of time and means and regular devotion when they do not interfere with more enjoyable, more persistent, more exacting duties and privileges? And, furthermore, is this man prepared to wish for his children the freedom from the Sunday habit, independence of the Sabbatical routine, and indifference to the organized habits of instituted moral training and spiritual appeal? "Means of grace" was the sweet phrase of the grandfathers, if not of the fathers. It was the high testimony of the grandmothers, if not of the mothers, concerning the church routine, its liturgy of hymn and prayer, of Bible text and pulpit admonition. Would you like to eliminate all these from modern society? If you are prepared to do without them yourself, do you, like the Texan judge, still believe in supporting these things, because they are "necessary to women and children?" Are you sure of the psychology that so distinguishes masculine needs and resources from feminine needs and resources; that confidently fixes the line when that which is good for a boy ceases to be good for a man? Does it ever come to you that Sunday and all the instituted habits, associations, ideas and ideals that cluster around it, must be either a gigantic fraud or a profound, sacred and central verity? If so, does it not deserve either a central place in your sympathies and your support or else your condemnation by the withdrawal of the half-hearted support, the intermittent concession, the irregular consent, which adds hypocrisy to weakness and changes distrust to cant? Remember, I am asking questions, not answering them.

Perhaps I have asked questions enough to make clear the general issue. Have I not given a skeleton upon which you may build your own sermon when twilight invokes the silences around the family lamp this evening, or perchance when the mind works in a rested body during the wakefulness of the wee small hours of the night when the world is asleep and you are alone with your conscience, taking an account of stock?

But our 70 per cent. of men should also make generous concessions for argument's sake. They will let the 30 per cent. answer these questions in their own way in the abstract and then enter a bill of particulars and offer special excuses or at least special extenuating circumstances. Let me ask some questions in regard to some of these extenuating circumstances, the standing excuses for non church attendance or for irregular and intermittent support.

Here comes the weariness excuse. The man is so tired when Saturday comes that he must rest, but the wife who had worked harder than he had better go. The masculine nerves are so depleted by business that on Sunday he "feels good for nothing," and he must lie in bed late in the morning and must have his afternoon nap as well. There is no use in his going to church, because if he did go he would be too tired to listen, too restless to enjoy the services or to profit by the companionship.

I may not have a right to discuss this problem, but you will pardon me if I ask a few questions. How is it that those who work the hardest or the longest are generally not those most afflicted with Sunday

weariness? How is it that in some cases, at least, in proportion as the cares become less exacting, and the tasks of the office and shop are abridged, this Sunday weariness seems to increase? Is it true that the lives of this 70 per cent. of husbands we have in mind are so much more strenuous than those of their wives or more laborious than those of their children, whom they are glad in the main to have assume the extra Sunday tasks? Is it weariness or listlessness, fatigue of nerve or indolence of spirit that causes the protracted sleep on Sunday morning? And does the heavy Sunday dinner occasionally have something to do with the unavoidable drowsiness of Sunday afternoon? Or why is it that this fatigued and fagged-out man to whom the thought of the necessary exertion implied in a walk churchward on Sunday is weariness, is able to bestir himself early and go chasing a little ball around a green field for long hours on Sunday and to come back late at night quite refreshed?

I will not ask unfair questions. This lands me at the second excuse. This 70 per cent. man is such a lover of nature. He likes the woods. He needs the air. I will not venture to say what a neighbor minister of academic spirit and fame said to me the other day,—that much of this love of nature which attacks men one day in seven has in it a large element of "bosh," although there does seem to be a good deal of artificiality in the nature that most attracts them in these days,—the rippling brooks that are fed through iron tubes, the undulating hills and the careless briers and brush that have been formed, planted, and nurtured by contract labor. But here are some fundamental questions that should be answered by the men who purpose to guide their lives by principle and to shape their conduct accordingly.

Does not the new hygiene find an ever-enlarging psychological element in weariness? Is it not true that unused organs grow flabby and are easily fatigued? Do we not have ominous suggestions from the biologist of aborted organs and torpidity that comes from neglect and disuse? There is a great waste of electricity on poorly-insulated wires. My arm will weary of the hammer after a few moments' use, while the carpenter or the blacksmith swings the same cheerily through his eight hours of persistent activity. Is it not true that the ideas and ideals which give most pleasure are those which have prepared runways in the brain? Does not the philosophy of habit give to it heavenly as well as hellish power over the lives of men and women? Does preaching make you tired? May not the cause sometimes, at least, be subjective rather than objective?

But here is the other man, who has "no time to read except on Sunday." There are so many good books in these days that must be read; so many high things in print; he can do better by staying at home and improving his mind. Granted. But does he? How many high books are thus conquered on Sunday? I will not go back of the claim or take advantage of the situation, I will not picture to you the room cluttered with the horrible débris of three or four of the Sunday papers, any one of which has enough good stuff presented in a bad way to bring a week's intellectual dyspepsia to the man who wallows about in the literary slush. But granted, there may be great individual gains to the man who stays at home to improve his mind or even to refine his soul; are there not co-operative possibilities in instituted Sunday, some high obligations "for others' sake?" Is the maximum of happiness gained by the selfish pursuit of pleasure or health? Is not the question that has come down through the ages still pertinent to the man who stays at home to improve his mind or to refine his soul with the masters of science and literature, or hies to the fields to improve his appetite or his health? "Am I my brother's keeper?" May I not count one in the band that stands on the picket line of progress fighting the temptations of the flesh and beating back the hordes of darkness?

Are there not some things that can be done together better than separately? Am I not needed at the weekly rallying of those who contend that "man cannot live by bread alone?"

But here comes along the man who has "tried it." He has given of his time and strength. He has stood in the line. He has himself carried the banner of disinterestedness or stood by those who have believed that altruism was higher than selfishness; that service was nobler than greed; that the strong should protect the weak and the wise inform the ignorant, but he has found out that it doesn't pay; that in this world it is "every one for himself and the devil for the hindmost;" that he is growing old and that he must "take care of number one;" that the forces of greed are too much for the forces of love; and so he has concluded that for the rest of the time he will take it easy and make the most of himself. Granting that on this basis he has chosen wisely when he chose to grow sordid as he grows old; when he deliberately courts deafness to public appeals and leaves the world more and more "to take care of itself," as he would say. Very well. If he believes this why does he not try to live up to this new creed? Why does he not hire teachers to expound this philosophy of selfishness to his sons, to preach this gospel of pessimism to his wife and daughters? Would such a man support a preacher who would preach the gospel of terrestrial despair, of civic hopelessness? Would he go to a church to hear the man applaud the conqueror and deride the conquered; to justify the methods of the strong, and to glorify might, plenty, success? Would he approve of the man who tried to dampen the ardor of youth and intensify the gloom of the grave in the name of experience, and find biblical power in the text that says, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die?"

I believe these questions are legitimate. The man who thinks, even when he is tired, dejected, or on Sunday, that he believes the balance of life is evil and that the dice of fate are loaded to the disadvantage of human kind, in defiance to the laws of virtue and the aspirations of excellence, belies his own nature. Is such a man just to himself?

But here comes still another man, who offers what I am prone to believe the truest and most justifiable excuse for absenting oneself from the instituted life that the ages have created about the Sunday, the inherited cathedral of the Sabbath, the walls of which have been builded out of mothers' tears and fathers' prayers, cemented in the blood of the martyrs, the spires of which represent the dreams of the world's greatest poets, the promise of her noblest prophets. His plea is that when he goes to church he has to listen to what he does not believe and seemingly give endorsement to what he regards as error. The sanctions of morality, urged by the instituted religion of Sunday, belie the religion which that Sunday illustrates. He has ceased to fear the devil, he says, or to importune the Deity. His views of heaven and hell, of the Bible, of Jesus, of death, and eternity, have undergone a change, and he escapes the church in order to escape the false spell which, as he thinks, was once cast over his life.

Of this man also I have a few questions to ask. Is it just or wise to hold all churches responsible for the mistakes of some of them? Is it scientific to refuse the discrimination on Sunday which stands you in such good stead on Monday? Is there no church that does stand for your ideals; no preacher who does represent your convictions; no Sunday-school which does attempt to aid you in teaching your children on lines that com-

mend themselves to your judgment? If so, what then is your duty? If there be none such, is it not possible for you to help them into being? If religion represents fundamental needs in the human soul, irrepressible elements in human life, is not reform rather than destruction, change instead of abandonment, the program for the wise man? In short, is it not your high opportunity to correct by creation? If this is the case, is it not the first thing to do to look the facts squarely in the face? It becomes the 70 per cent. of those who class themselves among the best citizens in the most favored communities to ask if it is not possible to revise the perspective of their own investments in time, in energy, in money, and in enthusiasm?

A sympathetic golfer, speaking from the inside, gave me the other day, as a conservative estimate of the annual cost to one reasonably devoted to the pleasure of the links, three hundred dollars a year. This may be money well spent. Perhaps it is none too much if his debts are all paid. I accept the verdict of the initiated, —that it is a wholesome, refreshing, elevating amusement. I will change the word "pleasure" to "duty," if you like, and still it is legitimate to compare this expenditure on the golf field with the expenditure of the same man for the institution that stands sponsor for his highest faith, for his deepest conviction, the church that perchance bears his name on its rolls, which he has invoked to aid him in the training of his children, to which he looks for the consecration of marriage vows, for the sanctifications of birth, and to soften somewhat the awful agony of the open grave.

"But," retorts my friend, "golf links are expensive; land is high, and artificial hills, valleys, creeks and lakes cost labor." Granted. Are not brains as expensive as hills? The church, which we recognize as the instituted representative of the best in the world's hopes and dreams, has costs as profound and needs as far-reaching, to say the least.

In my ministry of twenty-three years in Chicago I have lived through various enthusiasms that were once supposed to be laden with health, joy, peace and power, each of which in its turn came into sharp competition as a rival with the instituted life represented by the Sunday. Roller skating, the bicycle, and now the automobile and the golf links, each has been heralded as a boon to the over-worked man. I recognize the claim, rejoice in the extension of human power and health that has come through them, and yet, spite of all these, there still is nervous prostration, dyspepsia, diabetes, appendicitis, neurasthenia, and paresis among men. Aye, debts, bankruptcy, inebriety and disgrace still blight lives and darken homes. The perspective of life is not yet adjusted, the true balance not yet secured.

What is to be done about it? Again I content myself by asking questions. Has not this neglect of the church been born out of its imbecility? Do not men, able-bodied, strong men, despise light tasks? Are not heavy loads most willingly borne, and high endeavors most adequately supported? Has not the church tried to do too little for its members; asked too little of its constituency; consented to be too slight a factor in the community? May it not be that the fundamental fallacy which has led to this almost wholesale desertion of the tangible altars of religion by the more favored male elements of the community, has come from the remoteness of the tasks undertaken; the far-away objects have failed to inspire, the long-armed missionary work has lost its leverage. To save souls from hell in another world is not so imperative a task in the light of present thought as to save the soul of your neighbor, of your son, of your daughter, of yourself, from the perdition of this world. A work that claims only one day in seven loses its commanding power over the seventh day. The charity that looks at the misery far away, oblivious of the misery near at hand, fails to move the charitable heart. Must not the church, if it is to command the respect of keen-eyed, nimble-footed, willing-handed, bright-minded men, become a center of life for seven days in the week, the headquarters of the amenities and the humanities, the inspirations and the needs, physical and spiritual, of the constituency it would serve?

All this is preliminary to my object in this sermon. The ambitious walls of the Abraham Lincoln Centre are slowly but surely rising. The tangible structure is assured. But brick, mortar and iron cannot make a church and will not justify the expense unless they are illumined, electrified, charged with life,—noble, stalwart, manly life, as well as tender, gentle, womanly life. If the Abraham Lincoln Centre is to mean the tag ends of incomes, the odd moments not otherwise appropriated, the incidental and not the primary enthusiasm of its builders, it had better never be reared. Better stop now and save future humiliations. But if that building is to represent the consecrations of a hundred or more men in a spirit such as I have described; if it is to represent not only your foremost benefactions of money, but your foremost consecrations; if it is to be a rallying place of civic enthusiasm; if it is to be the council chamber of reformers; if it is to take to itself the work of fusing discordant elements, of awakening torpid minds, of warming cold hearts, of saving the rich from selfishness and the poor from bitterness, of giving common grounds for father and mother effort, to hold husband and wife to the one task, then mighty are its opportunities, and every brick that enters into its walls will become charged with helpfulness. Today, with Paul, the Abraham Lincoln Centre asks "not for yours, but for you;" not for your money, primarily, nor your votes incidentally; still less, for your wives and your children,—they will have duties to perform and personalities of their own to represent,—but for you, you at your maximum; the whole man; the man that succeeds in business; the man that is tireless at his trade; the man that has given years of preparation and years of consecrated application to his profession. Give us the totality of these men, and then the Abraham Lincoln Centre will become the light taken from under the bushel and put into the candle-stick, the "city set upon an hill" that will suppress the rowdyism, remove the degradation, the laziness, the indolent selfishness from avenue to alley, make more adequate provision for body and mind, for the solitary and for the family, for the young and for the aged.

Give us a hundred men, themselves, and not their possessions, and religion will here make common cause with art, with science, and with philosophy, with patriotism and with the still higher enthusiasms that belong to the cosmopolitan and the humanitarian. We will rear a temple devoted to the religion that is not only inter-denominational but international.

"Not yours, but you!" What we want is soul, spirit, power, devotion, which will apply the plainest maxims of trade, the simplest principles of economy, to these high problems in hand. If the Abraham Lincoln Centre does not represent a paramount interest in life, if it does not deserve your maximum strength and your first love, it has no right to be.

"Give me thy heart, my son," cries the Lord of life. Give me "not yours, but yourself," echoes the struggling city of Chicago. "He that is not for me is against me" is the pitiable cry that comes to us from the Calvary points of the world.

But now we have reached heights where gender distinctions fade. I have spoken to men the truth that is pertinent to women as well. In the kingdom of righteousness and of helpfulness there is no male or female, rich or poor, bond or free. "In heaven there is neither marriage nor given in marriage." It is the kingdom of

souls, the upbuilding of which kingdom is the persistent, continuous task of us all. This task, like all other tasks, becomes joyous only as we become habituated to its obligations and habitual in their discharge.

New America.

Tune—"America."

Our country, now from thee
Claim we our liberty,
In freedom's name.
Guarding home's altar fires,
Daughter of patriot sires,
Their zeal our own inspires
Justice to claim.

Women in every age
For this great heritage
Tribute have paid;
Our birthright claim we now,
Longer refuse to bow;
On freedom's altar now
Our hand is laid.

Sons, will you longer see
Mothers, on bended knee,
For justice pray?
Rise now in manhood's might,
With earth's true souls unite
To speed the dawning light
Of freedom's day!

—*Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.*

Evanston, Ill.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY: Having lately returned from a visit to Mexico, perhaps a passing note will be of interest to UNITY.

Such a trip affords opportunity to observe one of the "backward races," whose entire country would have been appropriated by the United States 55 years ago if the present foreign policy of our government had been carried out.

The Mexican government of today is strong and effective. It is mobile enough to adopt many of the changes suggested by mechanical skill and prompted by the desire to improve industrial conditions. The dominating factor has for 20 years been President Diaz, who is of native birth and maintains great popularity at home and commands respect abroad. Immigration from all countries is desired and welcomed, and the vast natural resources of the country are being developed. A patriotic American may rejoice that the southern neighbors were given a chance to show their capacity for political and industrial progress.

On the return I stopped at Tuskegee, Ala., to visit Booker T. Washington's school. The school owns some 3,000 acres of land and its membership numbers about 1,500 persons. It is co-educational. The numerous buildings were erected by student labor and nearly everything used by the school is provided by student labor.

Blacksmithing, dressmaking, dairying, chemistry, landscape gardening, and practically everything required by a public institution or by a family home is taught in this school, whose growth has been the unfolding of the thought of the man who has come "up from slavery."

For breadth of purpose and thoroughness of work, for "up-to-dateness" and courteous pride of the members in their work, the school compares most favorably with any I have seen in the north. It is fulfilling its mission.

Quietly and effectively the American negro is showing his worth to society and is working out his own salvation. A. N. FOSTER.

October 21, 1903.

The Sherman Statue Unveiled.

To an accompaniment of martial music, the booming of guns and plaudits of a multitude, a new and honored member was admitted, on the 15th inst., to the pedestaled fraternity of the national capital.

The setting of the event was unusually brilliant, even for Washington. The respective societies of the Army of the Potomac, Army of the Ohio, Army of the Cumberland and Army of the Tennessee, together with other large military organizations, were mustered here, and the War Department had summoned all the troops that could be spared for the occasion. Stands had been erected to accommodate two thousand guests, seats of special honor near the statue being reserved for crippled veterans. The decorations were very elaborate, reaching a climax of patriotic effectiveness in the central stand whence President Roosevelt, surrounded by a distinguished party, reviewed the troops and addressed the throng. The military parade was a magnificent spectacle, and the addresses of the President and other distinguished speakers thrilled with heartfelt eulogy of him whose memory they had assembled to honor—the great general, the pure patriot, the beloved citizen and comrade.

A young grandson of General Sherman—William Tecumseh Sherman Thorndyke—manipulated the mechanism which unveiled the statue; and as the two enormous flags which had concealed it drew apart, and it stood revealed upon its lofty pedestal against a leaden sky, the effect was most imposing.

It is a bronze equestrian, the last and noblest work of the late Carl Rohl-Smith, upon whose grave in distant Denmark, by a preconcerted plan, a wreath was placed by the United States minister simultaneously with the unveiling of his masterpiece.

Of the many statues and monuments which adorn the park spaces of Washington a notable proportion are martial in character. This could hardly be otherwise, in justice to the valor which has so nobly defended American liberties; yet it has its saddening suggestion to those who cherish ideals of the larger brotherhood. Here are Washington and Lafayette and Green, Jackson and Winfield Scott, representing the country's earlier struggles and triumphs, and some half a score of our Civil War heroes. A few sculptured warriors, also, are found in Statuary Hall—the old House of Representatives room in the Capitol. There, however, they are in the minority, minus the champing steed, their weapons in repose; and the pervading air of that silent assembly is one of statesmanship rather than generalship, of thought rather than physical force.

Still farther removed from the sentiment of human conflict, vividly expressive, indeed, of the "peace on earth" which we await, is the Emancipation monument in Lincoln Square—a bronze group by Thomas Ball representing Abraham Lincoln and the typical African at the supreme moment of their unique relation. In his right hand the great president holds his immortal Proclamation, while his left is extended in benediction above the form of the negro, who, with shackles broken, half kneels at his feet.

The story of its origin adds to the significance of this monument, it being the grateful offering of emancipated men and women. The first contribution—so states an inscription beneath the group—was the first earnings in freedom of Charlotte Scott, a Virginia woman, who thus began the fund on the day she heard of Lincoln's death. The negro figure is, according to John Fiske, a faithful portrait of Archer Alexander, who is believed to have been the last fugitive slave captured in Missouri under the old state laws. The monument was invited on April 14, 1876, by President Grant, Fred Douglass delivering the dedicatory oration.

At no very distant date a new statue of Lincoln will

doubtless be erected on some choice site in Washington. During his address at the Sherman unveiling, President Roosevelt gave an impetus to the cause by expressing an earnest desire soon to see in the capital city "a proper statue of Abraham Lincoln." But however the Emancipation monument may fail to satisfy the popular idea of a national memorial, the sculptor to whom shall be entrusted the great task of the new creation can scarcely hope that it will outrival this time-stained bronze in the true portrayal of Lincoln's character, or in the spirit of universality which so sympathetically groups erect statesman and crouching slave.

EMILY HORNE RANDALL.

Washington, D. C., October 25.

The Mount of Vision.

Friends, it is in the realm of vision that all good comes into being. Man sees in the devious conduct of the world a law of right, and justice is established. Again the soul sees, in the midst of deformity—beauty, and art comes into being. Amid crude noises that smite his ear man discovers harmony, and music is developed. To the heart comes the vision and the experience of love, and the den of the savage gives place to the home—typical of all the virtues. The child of a few years, the victim of many woes, born but to die, man dreams of the immortal, and religion appears, a permanent force in the world. And without this vision there is neither progress nor the hope of progress.

We have heard much in liberal churches concerning the dignity of human nature. The doctrine comes to us as a gracious inheritance from Channing. In his day it was a necessary corrective to the teaching of total depravity. Yet it has led us somewhat astray. In dwelling upon the good in man we have dealt too lightly with the virulent evil that shadows his path like night. We have assumed that, properly educated, properly environed, man would develop into goodness as the fruit ripens in the sun. Nothing of the kind is true of man at large, whatever may be true of favored specimens of the race. The evil of the ages has ground deeply into the soul of man. Tendencies have become appetites, and these in turn demons, until the tortured soul achieves virtue only through the tragedy of conflict. This conflict is a losing battle to thousands upon thousands, and the dignity of human nature is lost in the surging torrents of vice.

What shall save man thus battling with forces grown great during centuries of animalism? A few pleasant precepts culled from pagan bibles? A knowledge that on the whole it is better to do right than to do wrong? Courses of lessons in the science of ethics? A colorless religion of the "Here and the Now?" No, none of these. Nothing can save man thus lost in the deeps of age-long degradation but an exalted, a spiritualized vision of the great fundamental verities of religion—of Christianity. Once more the tremendous thought of God must stay the soul against temptation's power; once more a tender faith in the divine Fatherhood support the life slipping toward despair. This age also must behold the serene figure of Jesus as the friend and helper of all who would live the new life of brotherhood and purity. To us must come a new sense of the unending strife between right and wrong, between good and evil. If Heaven and Hell are not fixed localities, neither are they figures of speech. They are states of the soul when awakened to the beauty of holiness, or to the infamy of evil. And once more there must come into preaching, and into the feverish life of our time, high confidence in the destiny of man beyond the uncertain limits of earth's brief day.

Then shall come the transfiguration of humanity; the golden age of which poets have dreamed, and for whose coming martyrs have perished. Then shall science, won from a shallow materialism, and religion, rescued from crude and cruel dogma, unite to bless mankind. Then shall government subserve the well being of all, and marriage become again a holy sacrament. Life shall begin in love and end in faith, and over all shall arch God's heaven—dear and beautiful because it is God's—and ours.—*From a Sermon by Rev. W. D. Simonds of Seattle.*

Rescue Home in India.

The Brahmo Somaj from the days of the Rajah Ram Mohun Roy has stood out as the champion of women's rights in India. High education, liberation of Zenana system, knowledge of their rights and privileges, culture of their intellect—all these spring from their tiny but unflagging efforts in the path of progress. Sutteeism—the self-immolation of widows on the burning pyre of their husbands—has been put down by the benign influence of the Rajah on the minds of the then Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck.

One act characteristic of former traditions is now being done in secret which should see the light of day. "The Girls' Home" was founded in July, 1896, by some members of the Brahmo Somaj at Dacca in Bengal, with the object "to rescue minor girls from a life of shame and consequent misery, and to give them a shelter and suitable training until they are married or otherwise well settled in life." There is an elementary school attached to the home, in which the girls are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and needlework. They are also taught domestic work, according to their age and capabilities.

Some of the girls have passed primary examinations creditably and obtained government scholarships. The institution is absolutely dependent, from day to day, upon the precarious free-will offerings of the benevolent.

The story of the rescued girls is very interesting and withal shocking, and throws sidelights on the effects of the enforced widowhood.

The promoters have had the occasional mishap to face risky criminal lawsuits in saving the wee moral wrecks already baited into vice.

In large towns, traffic in girls is now being carried on by public women of ill repute, who purchase them with a few rupees for their immoral services—a custom quite unknown in bygone times.

Much credit is due to its superintendent, Babu Sashi Bhushan Mullik, and his wife, for its efficient management. He deserves encouragement from mankind far and near, irrespective of creeds and color.

His address is: Bidhan Palli, Dacca, India.

Your readers who take to heart the cause of such unfortunates should contribute their mite in the interests of humanity.

SARAT CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI.

Golaghat, July 26, 1903.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From the Nunc Licet Press, of Philadelphia, I am in receipt of "Twelve Letters to My Son." The author's name appears across the cover as G. J. F., D. D., Ph. D.,—a long string of letters which seem to be somewhat indicative of the quality of the contents. There is more of the titular than there is of the personal. If all doctors of divinity knew how to use their titles they

would write them as this author does. The contents of the book are an exploitation of the Bible, from the Swedenborgian standpoint. A fair sample of the stuff that is retailed is the following passage: "The most ancient people needed not the Word. Their interiors being turned to heaven, they had immediate revelation." The most ancient peoples that we know of were the "River Drift" savages, whose interiors were not devoted to heaven, but to each other's marrow—cannibals, every one of them. After these fellows came the "Cave Dwellers," who lived in the most brutish combat with animals, and had just learned how to kindle fires and make stone hammers. If this sort of chaps were models, who "needed not the Word of God," then what is civilization good for? The book contains a muddle of good things and bad things, with the bad decidedly predominant. I have held the book in my hand, with a conviction creeping over me that nobody really knows his neighbor. What sort of a make-up is the mind of a man—intelligent certainly—who can write such letters as these to his boy, or send them out to the world? The trouble seems to be that many people have lots of sense, but never get into range with common sense—that is, the accumulated wisdom of other people.

"The Story of Rapid Transit" comes from D. Appleton & Co.—a book of such sterling quality that I recommend it in the highest terms. It is not simply a historical review of rapid transit, but a book full of suggestions bearing on the future. It tells us that in the great cities electric traction is going to be the solution of the problem of condensed population and that it will even take hold of London, and redistribute the congested masses into suburban life. We are afraid that this goes a trifle beyond rational hope. There is a degenerated mass at the heart of these enormous cities that has got out of reach—we mean *down* out of reach—of any educative force. It lives on a plane lower than common humanity, and thrives on that plane better than if lifted—just as the bed-bug thrives as a creature without wings better than it did when it had wings and less to eat. The book tells us that in thirty-seven representative cities, in twenty-five different countries, eight of the municipalities own and operate their own street car lines; that four own the lines and lease them to companies to be operated; and that three more have already made provisions for future ownership. You should get the book and study it carefully, for the problems which it discusses are the problems which you must handle in the immediate future.

Another book comes to me from our friend Horatio W. Dresser, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "Man and the Divine Order." It consists of essays concerning the philosophy of religion—that is, the relation of man to the universe. I cannot do better than to quote the last passage in the preface. "Empirical, from first to last, the book will profit the reader in so far as the leading ideas are tested, not only by reference to accepted religious standards, but in relation to the realities and ideals of individual experience." Everything that comes from Dresser is as noble in spirit as it is well thought out.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am also in receipt of a small volume entitled "The Virgin Birth of Christ." This book is positively a revelation. It lets us into the fact that the orthodox church is greatly stirred up concerning the fundamental mysteries of Christ's virgin birth, his incarnation, and his passage into the skies after death. The author quotes the Dean of Westminster as saying, "No one will dispute the fact that in the minds of thoughtful men, there is a very serious disquietude in regard to the doctrine of the virgin birth." Gradually the church is sloughing off the miraculous and is getting down to the fundamental principle that salvation does not depend upon believing myths, but in doing righteousness.

From the same house I have a volume entitled "The Beginnings of Christianity"—a capital volume by Paul Werneley, professor at the University of Basel. I have not had time to read this book through, but I have read enough to know that it is a long stride ahead of that sort of theology upon which we were fed when some of us were preparing to preach.

From Charles Scribners' Sons I have "Col. Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and when I say it is the very best of these Col. Carter books, I have said enough to induce my readers to get the book. The picture of Col. Carter can never be duplicated in literature—it will not do to try to repeat it. In this volume we have the charming old fellow coming out ahead of a hard-fisted Yankee—in which we all take our share of the fun, and congratulate the Colonel. From the same house I have that delightful book, "The Bar Sinister,"—one of the best dog books I have ever read—helpful to humanity, and I hope it will be helpful to dogmanity. We shall learn by and by, as we get higher up, to sympathize with the animal world by which we have done our climbing.

From the Putnams I have a broad-church book entitled "One Religion and Many Creeds," by Ross Winans. The book has an introduction by Rev. Charles Voysey, of the Theistic Church of London. This endorsement alone would carry the book. The trend of the volume can be seen from this passage from the introduction. "God did not endow us with perceptive and reasoning faculties in order that they might be employed on all other subjects, and remain torpid in relation to religion. The truth must be accepted at all hazards, even if it lead to a denial of the supernatural inspiration of the Scripture, and all dogmas connected therewith; which we are fully persuaded it will do." I am not yet fully prepared to judge of the critical power of the volume, but my impression is that it is of high quality.

From Funk & Wagnalls I have a volume entitled "Modern Practical Theology." You can judge of the quality of the book when I tell you its contents—it is "A Manual of Homiletics, Liturgics, Polemics, Archegics, Pedagogy, Sociology and English Bible." After all, however, the book is not so entirely devoid of interest to common people as might appear. It is the work of Prof. Schenck, of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.

From the same house I am in receipt of "The Being With the Upturned Face." The doctrine of the book is that we are savages in training for angels. While there is nothing novel in this idea, it gives a good chance for saying a lot of fine things—and the book says them. I could quote passage after passage to your delight, but you had better get the book. Of woman he says, "She is the exordium of what we commonly denominate man. She caps the climax of nature. More than any other creature she utters the divine conception." This chapter on woman is slightly explosive, and can be termed the "exordium" of the book, which is the work of Clarence Lathbury.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

Appendix to Chapter IX.

Memory Gem.

"I would rather be right than be president."—Henry Clay.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That the suffrage is never altogether universal, without any restrictions or qualifications.

II. That voting is usually, though not always, limited to men.

III. That voting is not only a right or a privilege, but a duty.

IV. That we are to protect our country from internal injury by the way we vote.

V. That in voting for candidates for office we are first to consider the character of the men, before considering their promises or the measures they are advocating.

VI. That voting by each citizen is to be done for the good of the whole country, and not chiefly for one's private interests.

Duties of a Voting Citizen.

I. We ought to vote at elections because it is our duty as citizens.

II. We ought to consider supremely the interests and welfare of the whole country when casting a ballot.

III. We ought in voting for the welfare of the whole country, to be willing in very important cases, that our own interests should be sacrificed for the sake of the country as a whole.

Poem.

"Men of thought be up and stirring
Night and day!" —Mackay.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.—It would be well to get figures required for the pupils, from the various census reports, when possible, and have them put on the blackboard, simply in order to impress the young people with the greatness of this subject, and also to give a little variety to the theme. No effort need be made to have the class members remember these figures. In order, however, to bring out the one or two great points of the lesson, that voting is a duty, and that we are to vote not merely for our own interests, but for the good of the whole country, it may be necessary to wander a good deal around the subject, so as to hold the attention of the pupils to it for a time. If we can start a discussion about it, all the better. Perhaps it might not do any harm to let them give their opinions on woman suffrage. Again, please remember to be very careful not to deal with the theme as if it were a lesson in Civics. Always have it in view in your own mind that it is a lesson in Ethics, or in the great problem of Duty. The members of the class should be made to feel that there is something solemn in the very idea of voting. Connect the notion of it with the loyalty of the soldier, as we have already suggested. Keep to this one point; voting is a duty and not a privilege. Write that down for the pupils: *When we vote, we vote for the interests of the whole country, for the good of our Fatherland.* Look up an account of the "History of the Australian ballot." Also get from the last number of the United States census the totals of votes cast in the whole country for previous decades, so that these can be used for illustration in talking with members of the class. The subject of the ballot is so important on the ethical side, that we add supplemental lessons on the theme. It will be observed, however, that we have not touched upon the subject of voting concerning constitutional amendments or in regard to measures where the method of the "Referendum" is employed. The teacher may also treat of these additional features at his discretion.

Classic for Recitation.

*"Never may you, my friends, be under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country, is calling upon you for your best services. * * * Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone in their minds to the free and popular institutions of our native land. * * * It certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society,—to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of government? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity,—by the blessed memory of the departed—by the dear faith which has been plighted, by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man—by the awful secrets of the prison-houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured,—by the noble heads which have been brought to the block—by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world."—Edward Everett.*

Watching the River.

All to the rich doth not belong,
  Nor to the proud the whole world's peace:
Here in these woods are books and song,
  Labors and loves that never cease:
  From care we revel in release,
And seek not what we could not find,
  Glory in gold—but look within,
Hoping our harvest in the mind.

Not learning of the learned sort,
  Not wisdom of the worldly wise
(We live remote and life is short),
  But such as comes to common eyes:
  To watch Antares at his rise,
The Greater and the Lesser Bear,
  To find Andromeda, or tell
The stars of Cassiopeia's chair.

Wise men and true in cities dwell,
  But ah! one dwells there—Discontent!
With whom to live, if less than hell,
  Is like it: there of late I went;
  To my friend's door my steps I bent,
And found him pillowed—not in pain,
  But watchers by; he knew me not:
Midnight was brooding on his brain!

O God! that good man—oh! for gold,
  For gold that father, friend, high-priest
Of all the charities, had sold
  His faculties, and now the least
  Of all that ministered—his beast—
Might have stood sovereign over him:
  No motion in the mind—that brow—
Thought's beacon tower, and now so dim!

Never again, my soul, repine
  That I have nothing, having all:
Health and myself, and love like thine,
  Dearest, who shar'st my humble hall!
  Nor ever be my soul a thrall
To avarice or ambition vain:
  Heaven shield me from the hardened heart
That brings the softness to the brain!

—*T. W. Parsons.*

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

TORONTO, CANADA, UNITARIAN CHURCH.—The recent printed announcements from this church show that the pastor, J. T. Sunderland, is up and at it with his old time vigor. The Unity Club began its season with an out-of-town corn roast,—not a bad way to begin. Among the topics arranged for its religious meetings are the following suggestive ones: "No Good Thing Is Failure; No Evil Thing Success"; "Neighborliness and Social Reform; or, Personal Service in the Homes of the Poor"; "Self-Culture, Self-Sacrifice and Self-Forgetting"; "The Misplaced Emphasis in Life"; "The Psalm That Means the Most to Me"; "The Consumers' League, Sweat Shops and the Responsibility of Purchasers." The Browning Club is to spend twelve evenings with Emerson. The program at hand has an encouraging recognition of the poetry. To our thinking, it is a pity the whole winter's work is not confined to the Emerson poems. This volume is too much neglected by Emerson classes. The substance of the twelve volumes of Emerson's prose is compacted in this one volume of poetry. One suggestive feature of these programs is the large number of men announced to take part.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—The program of the Unity Circle which meets in the Unitarian Church parlors in this city, lies before us. The season's work is to be divided between a study of home civics, "Our City and the City Possibility" and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among the topics on the city are "Des Moines City Government, Its Transportation Facilities, Its Thoroughfares, Its Water Supply and Fire Protection, Public Schools and Libraries, Churches and Philanthropy." The Emerson work is distributed over seven nights. The subjects are attractive and popular, being as follows: "The Seer and His Vision," "Emerson and Concord," "Emerson the Poet," "Emerson the Man," "New England Transcendentalism," "Emerson's Gospel." Such a program cannot fail of being interesting, but it represents the vice of modern club work,—spending itself in generalities. The most lasting results as well as the most intense enjoyment comes not from scattered but from concentrated study. A little corner of the Emerson country, one book or a fraction of a book stayed with all winter would yield higher results, according to the experience of the writer.

TACOMA-SEATTLE.—These rival cities seem in a fair way of burying the hatchet, at least so far as the friends of liberal religion are concerned. The work of Mr. Martin for many years has been an ellipse organized around two foci, viz., Tacoma and Seattle. After various attemps to provide for the Seattle work, he at least has surrendered to the persistent calling and has transferred his residence to the larger though later city, but not without making careful provision for the continuance of the work at Tacoma. Rev. John W. Roberts, of Massachusetts, has gone West, and now there are two of them. They have been busy during September and October in the work of introductions, inaugurations and installations at other centers. The printed matter at hand speaks of careful planning and high work to be carried on at both ends of the line. The Sunday-school at Tacoma has issued its calendar for the season. The work is to consist of a study of the life of Jesus in art. Besides the usual Christmas and Easter festivals there will be a Home Sunday, a Patriotic Sunday (commemorative of Washington and Lincoln), and a Memorial Sunday commemorative of the founders of the great religions, which will close the season's work. The Browning Club at Tacoma will continue its unique plan of alternating a study session with a lecture session. The members do their own reading and studying at the first and Mr. Martin gives the second. At the installation of Mr. Martin at Seattle, Rev. T. F. Joseph, of the Jewish Congregation, took part.

THE THEODORE PARKER FRATERNITY IN BOSTON.—Rev. Charles W. Wendte has lost none of his old-time fertility in planning helpful programs for the people. The program before us shows that this memorial building is trying to live up to its great name. The building is open every day in the week; the library and reading room every afternoon and evening. There are Sunday and Wednesday evening courses of lectures, day and evening classes. Millinery, dress making, wood carving, photography, dancing, physical culture, are among the special classes arranged for. The stereopticon will be frequently in evidence at the Wednesday night gatherings.

THE SANTA FÉ ROUTE.—Why should not a clever bit of printing and cumulated testimony to the efficiency of the management, the impressive scenery and the marvelous triumph of the Santa Fé route be commended to the notice of our readers, even though the little booklet that sets all this forth is an advertisement? The passenger department of this great transcontinental road has not asked for this notice and we have no editorial transportation in mind, but having once crossed the desert and climbed the mountains in one of these Santa Fé trains, the memory of which is still vivid in our mind, we are glad of the opportunity of saying, unsolicited, "Me, too!" We are quite willing to endorse from personal experience what is set forth in this, "the log book of the California limited, issued by the Santa Fé road."

Foreign Notes.

HAARLEM AND VOLENDAMS LAST DAYS.—By Thursday the oppressive heat had passed and when the Council session closed at noon, the weather was all that could be desired for the carefully-planned excursion to Haarlem. By tram, by carriage or on foot we made our way to the Central station, where a special trai, scheduled to leave at 1 o'clock, awaited us. It is about a twenty minutes' ride, the railroad running in a practically straight line between the Haarlemmer polder, formerly the Lake of Haarlem, and the more recently reclaimed polder of the Y. In spring the suburbs of Haarlem are gay with tulips, hyacinths and other bulbs, for which that region has long been famous, but of course there was nothing of that now, and conversing among ourselves, the train slipped into the city almost before we knew it.

From either end of the station a street leads directly to the heart of the town, the great market-place in and about which cluster the noteworthy buildings that have given it celebrity. Thither we went on foot, but before attempting to do justice to its historical and architectural attractions, we gladly turned into two restaurants facing on the market and did justice to a substantial lunch. Thence, refreshed and fortified, we sallied forth in scattered groups to improve according to our individual bent the time before the organ concert at St. Bavo. While some went to the suburbs to purchase bulbs, or off in other directions, by far the larger number streamed across the market-place to the old town-hall, once a residence of the Counts of Holland, but now chiefly notable as containing eight great "corporation" and "regent" pieces by Frans Hals, to say nothing of several smaller works from his brush. A most interesting collection it is, covering as it does the whole period of the painter's activity from the age of thirty-six to over eighty.

Here, too, are the Coster relics: autographs, early prints, etc., on which was long based his claim to be the inventor of printing. Outside in the market-place is the bronze statue erected in 1856, when Holland still believed that he could successfully contest the claims of Gutenberg.

Opposite the town-hall is Haarlem's *Groote Kerk*, St. Bavo, almost the only one of the old Dutch churches that I heard spoken of by its ancient name. St. Bavo, by the way, is the patron saint of Haarlem, so a modern Roman Catholic church there repeats the name. To old St. Bavo we now made our way. It is a lofty cruciform structure dating back to the fifteenth century, with vaulting that rests on twenty-eight large pillars. On these the work of restoration undertaken toward the close of the nineteenth century disclosed some rather unusual painted decoration, said to date from the end of the sixteenth century. As one sees them now the effect is as if a rich oriental rug were fastened half way around each pillar. No two are alike and the total effect is strangely reminiscent of a time when on great festive or state occasions public buildings were really hung with these costly textiles.

St. Bavo has been less disfigured than most of these old churches by adaptation to Protestant uses. The usual enclosure for pews and chairs fills the nave directly in front of the great organ we had come to hear, and there we took our places for the concert at 3:30. The organ itself seemed somewhat less rich and sweet in tone than the one at Rotterdam, but its volume of sound was tremendous, so that one felt buffeted and drowned when sitting too near. Being fortunately seated next the aisle, I at last slipped out and

betook myself to the remotest recesses of the choir, where a few individuals had been wise enough to linger from the beginning. The change was a happy one. The effect of the organ was much finer, while the exquisite modulations of the Zalsman quartet of Amsterdam, singing without accompaniment, reached one entrancingly multiplied and blended. Few who heard will ever forget the beauty of the old Dutch national hymn, "William of Nassau," by Valerius, or the noble selections from Bach and Palestrina as rendered by these singers.

Another scattering of the clans took place after the concert, but 6 o'clock found us all reunited at the Brongebouw in the midst of a wooded park. Here in a great hall, or summer theater, with anteroom, seven or eight long tables, seating fifty each, were spread for a banquet and handsomely decorated with flowers. Leaving hats and wraps in adjoining dressing-rooms, we seated ourselves at the festive board. I was told that not merely the old families and names, but the very type of man represented at guild banqueting tables by Frans Hals and his brother painters, has disappeared from Holland. Be this as it may, we soon had ample evidence that the Netherlanders of today, like most of the continental Europeans, still enjoy the pleasures of the table and that with them the term "festive board" is in no sense a misnomer.

On a stage at one end of the banqueting room, a band concealed by masses of palms, ferns, etc., stimulated the enthusiasm of the company by the rendering of national airs, at each of which all rose to their feet and sang and cheered and clinked their glasses. It seemed just a little bit like making fun of us to have Yankee Doodle played after the beautiful Dutch hymn, the Marsellaise, God Save the King, Die Wacht am Rhine, etc., but then we knew it was not so intended. America, being the same as God Save the King, was not available; the "Star-Spangled Banner" runs too high, and probably no one thought of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Really if we did not have so many national songs we should fare better on an occasion like this.

At the opposite end of the long parallel tables was the anteroom with a crosswise table for the committee and "official delegates." This was the other center of enthusiasm and effervescence, for here the toasting went on. Many of us were too far away to catch, through the babel around us, the drift of what was said, but somehow we knew that one country after another was being toasted and we rose each time as one man at the proper moment to "drink her down" in a glass of wine or a goblet of water, as our taste might be. Mr. Wendte in the *Christian Register* (Sept. 24) has told something of those toasts and responses, but then he was on the firing line, so to speak, and could take account of the telling shots. Down near the end where the national airs and the students' songs were started at intervals, we got only the echoes of the speech making. We knew Prof. Jean Réville had touched a responsive chord by the tumult of applause following, but we caught hardly a word of his eloquent tribute to Holland and her queen. Not till our own Dr. Eliot, leaped into a chair and in a few ringing words exhorted us to have done with mournfulness over being in a minority, remembering that the minority was always the party of progress, the advance guard, and the most hopeful place for a brave soul to be, did a man appear whom all could hear in that time and place. Dr. Pfleiderer, the German Nestor, did almost as well, but he followed Dr. Eliot's example and raised himself above the level of the convivial crowd. Meanwhile a band concert was beginning in the garden outside and the banquet-hall was deserted for the open air and the night. A special train at 10:30 was provided for the return to Amsterdam, but at least one little group slipped away at nine, and going quietly back by a regular train, saw how the heavy fog had filled the polders so that we seemed speeding along by a tree-rimmed, ghostly Haarlem lake.

Friday, Sept. 4, was the closing day and for this our kind and generous hosts had saved the most characteristic treat they had to offer; the trip to Volendam, varied and full of interest. Scarcely had the parting hymn been sung at the *Vrije Gemeente*, when all hurried away to the pier, where a little steamboat was to take us to the North-Holland tramway for Edam. I said all, but this is a mistake, for a little group of revent pilgrims, headed by Dr. Pfleiderer, left instead for Leyden, to lay a wreath as tribute of grateful remembrance and esteem on the grave of Prof. Cornelius P. Tiele, lately deceased.

The majority, however, followed our hosts in search of the picturesque. Once on the tram, piles of suggestive-looking boxes made their appearance, which on being opened by the initiated disclosed paper napkins and appetizing sandwiches that were much appreciated by the hungry crowd. That was a gay, sociable ride to Edam. Quip and jest went around with the sandwiches, and when these had been disposed of and the empty boxes cast out of window in flagrant disregard of all Dutch traditions of tidiness, we presently found ourselves passing the trim little houses and toylike dooryards of the little village of Brœk, long noted for its exaggerated cleanliness. Here shoes are taken off at the house-door. We know, for we saw them there. But before we had finished our observations Broek was out of sight. Next came Monnikendam, one of the "dead cities" of the Zuyderzee. Right through its narrow streets our train ran, so close to the people on their doorsteps that one felt like crying out to them to go inside, and we might easily have shaken hands with them from the car windows.

At Edam, the center of the cheese trade, we alighted and passed through a small portion of the town, to the waterway and footpath that lead to Volendam. The way took us by another large church with a characteristic tower. Many Dutch churches have chimes or peals of bells. On this Edam church tower the bells were especially conspicuous being all hung outside. One wished one might hear and see them in action.

A barge had been engaged for such as felt unequal to the half hour's walk across to Volendam, but the accommodation was limited, and though it appeared that private bargains might be made for some of the near-lying boats, most of the company struck out gaily on foot, not at all averse to the exercise. I had so started with my hostess when I suddenly heard my name and turning saw Prof. Oort calling to me. "Come, Miss Hawley," he said, "it is only twenty-five cents" (a dime in our money). He was the center of a group of young people, some Dutch, some English, and looked so benignantly happy one could not resist joining them in one of the ordinary Dutch boats which seem to have a single mast and sail for occasional use, but to be ordinarily towed about the canals by man—or rather boy—power. The latter was the present means of propulsion, and many were the gibes cast at us by friends on shore for the inhumanity of accepting such a method of transportation, but the sturdy youth who pulled us did not seem to be at all embarrassed by all the weight of character he had on board and passed with apparent ease group after group of the scoffing pedestrians. The boat gave us a different level and viewpoint for the landscape from any enjoyed before and this little ride was a distinct addition to the day's pleasant experiences.

Volendam is a quaint little Catholic fishing village on the Zuyderzee, which so far retains much of the old primitive life in dress and customs. It consists of one long street running along the top of the dyke, with the sea below on one side and the long line of plain little houses on the other. The costume of both sexes is peculiar, and the children are but smaller editions of their parents. I am told that at times the people almost fiercely resent being treated as a spectacle, but today they were very gracious. The able-bodied men were away with the fishing fleet, but before we left nearly every other inhabitant was on the street, and a driving business was done in the sale of their peculiar lace caps, the cheap crockery used by them, the silver buttons from the boys' red corduroy blouses and the broad collars or bands of coral beads from the women's necks. The village possesses an excellent hotel, the Spaarndam, run by the proprietor with the assistance of several cultivated daughters. It is a great resort for artists, and its walls are lined with a most interesting and varied collection of works presented by its noted artist guests, making it too one of the sights of the place.

At 4:15 the large steamer Bolsward took us on board from the end of the narrow pier. All unaware how heterodox we were, the whole population was down at the pier to see us off and send cheers and good wishes after us. As the steamer swung away and the distance widened between us, it was a rarely picturesque sight to see all those quaintly and brightly garbed fisherfolk slowly wending their way back to the homes half hidden behind the dyke.

Naturally the passage back over the Zuyderzee led to a discussion of the project for draining it. I see that a recent writer in McClure's Magazine says: "This measure has not passed yet, but no one doubts that sooner or later it will become a law, and the great work of reclaiming the Zuyderzee will be practically begun." I can only say that I heard one very well informed resident of Amsterdam say that it would probably never be done; that the project would continue to be brought up at intervals for political effect, but that the reclaimed land from the Haarlem lake had proved so much less remunerative than was expected that there was little likelihood that this far greater and more expensive work would ever be undertaken.

While others chatted I silently watched the various groups, impressing on my memory the more striking types and faces. There was no sunset to speak of. As the twilight shadows fell our boat reached Amsterdam, the last farewells were spoken and the congressists scattered to

meet no more. Next day we left not only Amsterdam but Holland behind us, but on the Rijndaam homeward bound a little group lived over again those too brief days and discussed the past and the future of the International Council and the hope of a happy reunion in 1905 in the old city of Geneva, which just now is raising its expiatory monument to Michael Servetus. M. E. H.

THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE

was held on October 15 and 16, at Lithia, Shelby county, and proved a very unique and memorable affair. Heretofore our yearly meetings had been held at one or the other of the various towns where our churches are located, but this time the Illinois Conference betook itself literally to the woods, there to celebrate its annual feast of love and good will and also of good resolutions. This was done upon the urgent invitation of our president, Bro. Jasper L. Douthit, and I think that all those who attended were glad of the opportunity offered to us and will ever remember in gratitude the open-hearted hospitality shown to us. Of course Lithia, the seat of our only Unitarian Chautauqua, is not the place to draw large crowds in October, especially when the loamy roads are soaked by rain and the nights moonless and dark. But though the meetings failed to draw the masses, there was not any feeling of depression in the rustic Library Chapel by the little creek. On the contrary, the spirit was excellent and inspiring and no one ever for a moment thought of counting noses. Everything was conducive to good feeling. The very fact that the ministers and delegates lived in close proximity in the various loghouses and summer cottages scattered on the grounds, and that they all took their meals together at the primitive eating house, heightened the spirit of fellowship. Then, after the evening meetings, came that never to be forgotten experience, when the little crowd would gather around the big bonfire blazing up into the dark night, and soul would touch soul in most informal and intimate conference. Little wonder that Mr. Dodson, of St. Louis, remarked that he had been at many Conferences, but had never seen anything like the spirit of fellowship displayed at Lithia.

Unfortunately some of our foremost men could not be with us. Mr. Pulsford, of Chicago; Mr. Mueller, Bloomington, and Mr. Hall, Moline, were prevented by serious reasons from being with us. Mr. Baker, of Geneseo, was forced to leave for home without delivering his address. Happily St. Louis stood by our cause and contributed essentially to its success.

On the afternoon of the first day, Oct. 15, Rev. John W. Day, St. Louis, gave us a most thorough and stimulating address on "The Preaching of Our Gospel—What and How." A lively discussion followed, led by Mr. Blake. After the meeting the delegates in a body took a tramp through the woods and were delighted with the charming scenery. In the evening two strong and interesting addresses were presented. Rev. E. C. Smith, Hinsdale, spoke on "God in the Mind," and Rev. C. W. Pearson, Quincy, spoke on "God in the Soul." The business meeting on Friday morning was introduced by a short devotional service, led by Rev. Arthur Roberts, of the Universalist Church, Windsor. The business meeting itself was helpful and interesting; the reports of the societies were mostly very encouraging. Rev. Fred V. Hawley, secretary W. U. C., gave a rousing address on "Look Up and Not Down." It was an ardent plea for wholesome optimism and an indictment of the pessimistic and morbid spirit which tries to stifle all enthusiasm in our churches.

Rev. John S. Cook, State Superintendent of the Universalist Church, followed with an eloquent address on "The Modern Sunday-school," which revealed the well known fact that the distinction between Universalism and Unitarianism is largely one of tradition and that both denominations are traveling on the same road.

In the afternoon Mrs. C. V. Mersereau, of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, gave a most helpful paper on "Martha's Work in the Church." The paper led to a most profitable discussion, in which Mr. Hawley took the most prominent part. Rev. St. John, Secretary A. U. A., followed with a powerful and inspiring address on "The Fundamental Things in Religion."

After the final business meeting Rev. James V. Blake, of Evanston, led the vesper service in memory of "Father Covell," of Buda, which in its tender simplicity and chaste beauty touched and warmed the hearts of all. It was indeed a perfect memorial service, worthy of good Father Covell. In the evening Rev. W. M. Backus, Chicago, gave a strong and earnest address on "Jesus as the Way," which was followed by an address by Rev. G. R. Dodson, of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, on "Jesus as the Life." It proved to all present that the Western Conference has indeed been greatly enriched by Mr. Dodson's coming to St. Louis. The Illinois Conference sincerely hopes to hear him again. After singing together "Auld Lang Syne," the Conference closed one of its most delightful and helpful meetings.

The following officers were elected: President, Rev. W. H. Pulsford, Chicago; Vice President, Rev. C. W. Pearson, Quincy; Treasurer, Mr. F. F. Temple, Hinsdale; Secretary, E. C. Smith, Hinsdale. G. R. G.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.

MONDAY, NOV. 2.—2:00 P. M.

2:00—Address—"The Outlook for the Liberal Faith."—Rev. E. H. Barrett, Sherwood. Discussion led by Rev. A. K. Beem, Dowagiac.

3:30—Address—"The Young People and the Church."—Mr. Clyde F. Karshner, Pres. Y. P. S., Ann Arbor. Discussion led by Miss Florence Sunderland, Jackson; Mr. Lee Barkenbus, Pres. Y. P. S., Kalamazoo.

7:30—Address of Welcome—Hon. Charles E. Townsend, Jackson. Response—Pres. Thos. P. Byrnes, Kalamazoo.

8:00—Conference Sermon—Rev. Charles E. St. John, Boston.

9:00—Reception to Delegates and Visitors.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3.—9:00 A. M.

9:00 A. M.—Reports of Officers. Appointment of Committees. Reports from the Churches. Discussion of Business.

10:30—Paper—"Theologians Outside the Church."—Rev. A. M. Rihbany, Toledo, Ohio.

11:00—Address—Modern Knowledge and Religious Faith."—Rev. George E. Cooley, Grand Rapids. Discussion.

11:30—Greetings from the Universalist Convention.—Pres. H. B. Bard, Lansing. Greetings from Western Unitarian Conference.—Sec. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago. Greetings from American Unitarian Association.—Sec. Chas. E. St. John, Boston.

12:00—Devotional Service, led by Rev. Harry Jeschke, Mt. Pleasant.

1:00—Luncheon served by Ladies in Church Dining Room.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3.—2:00 P. M.

2:00—Woman's Alliance Session, in charge of Mrs. Ida A. Marks, Detroit.

3:00—Address—"The Unique Value of Unitarianism."—Rev. W. M. Backus, Chicago.

3:30—Address—"The International Unitarian Conference at Amsterdam."—Rev. J. H. Crooker, Ann Arbor.

4:30—Closing Business Session. Election of Officers.

PLATFORM MEETING.

GENERAL SUBJECT—"THE INSPIRATIONS OF LIFE."

7:30—"The Inspirations of Science." Prof. Victor C. Vaughan, Dean of the Medical Faculty, Michigan University, Ann Arbor.

8:00—"The Inspirations of Morality."—Rev. S. J. Stewart, Battle Creek.

8:30—"The Inspirations of Worship."—Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago.

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